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has passed glitteringly and gaudy-like by. It is not all to be wondered at that the worthy Mrs. Grinwinkle, and the adorable Miss G., and the Misses Frederica and Cynbelina, her accomplished daughters, together with their brother, the gallant Freddy—who is a genius, by-the-bye, even as his father—and all the little Grinwinkles;—it is not surprising, we say, that they trip off at the most delightful period of the summer to the watering places, and wile away their time in delightful and exquisite coquetry. There they shall find gaiety and amusement, and the dissipations of a fashionable life will quite atone—by blotting out all remembrance of Amblesdale—for the miserable and barren throne which awaits patiently the return of the migratory troupe.

The best position for the mansion is unquestionably—other things being equal,—a commanding situation; and by this we do not wish to be understood as advocating the summit of pinnacles, but a natural platform, backed by hills of moderate height, with delightfully varied portions of scenery to the south and west; this position, being a midway one, as regards altitude, is quite secure from the chilling blasts and rude grasp of winter, to which the occupant of the barren heights is invariably and inevitably compelled to succumb; again, it is a well ascertained fact, that trees and shrubs thrive much better upon the midway site, the soil being the same, than either on the summits of hills or in low valleys; this is owing to the more equal moisture of the ground, and the atmosphere being more equable. The continual high winds render trees exposed upon the heights dwarfish in comparison with the others, and the almost imperceptible (to us, but keenly so to vegetation), sliding of the cold air down into the bottom of the valleys, renders that situation objectionable. Of course, where a sheltering forest or belt of trees surrounds the north and east sides of the hilly site, this objection is not of much consequence. But the mode of access to such a place, is laborious, and those who have good horses know the value of this sort of thing. As a point of health, too, there is probably no kind of residence so insidious to the person of delicate constitution as that on the peaks and summits of hills.

The selected site should be well clothed with foliage if too much thinning-out must be resorted to; if not sufficient, judicious planting must be done in manner as shall be suggested in our next number.

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**ABBOTSFORD.**—As what constitutes the great man is more commonly some extraordinary combination and balance of qualities, than the highest development of any one, so you cannot but here be struck anew by the singular combination in Scott's mind of love for the picturesque and romantic, with the plainest common sense,—a delight in heroic excess, with the prudent habit of order. Here the most pleasing order pervades, emblems of what men commonly esteem disorder and excess.—*Mad. Ossoli.*

#### STANDARD OF ART.

First follow Nature; and your judgment frame  
By her just standard, which is still the same;  
O'ererring nature, still divinely bright,  
One clear, unchanged, and universal light,  
Life, force, and beauty must to all impart,  
At once the source, and end, and test of Art.  
Art from that fund which just supply provides;  
Works without show, and without pomp presides.  
For.

## Sociology.

### THE FAMILY AS A WORK OF ART.

NO. III.

In risum faciunt panem, et vinum ut epulenter viventes; et pecunie obediunt omnia. *Ecclesiastes*, chap. x. v. 19.

If the Family is the basis of society, the individual is the complimentary link of the Family, and as the condition of society is dependent on that of the Family, so is the Family on the individuals composing it. There are few persons that ever analyze the complicated system of which they are the component parts,—as they are placed by circumstances so they lie, like bricks in a building, serving a purpose, undoubtedly, but unconsciously. The crude notions put forth by more than seventy-five per cent. of every community as to its real social condition are melancholy proofs of this, and show the invincible ignorance in which man can live of the vital principles which determine and rule his destiny. Individual vanity fed by the ever flowing currents of egotism and self-importance always proclaims the superiority of that society of which it happens to form a part—just as no man, unless morally well-tempered, is capable of acknowledging in action as well as in word his inferiority to any other man, though the fact is wrought by daily experience into a bulwark of proof.

It is but too evident that society itself is nothing but a net-work of material, physical, moral and intellectual inequalities; yet so great is the revolutionary anarchy of thought, that few men see them understandingly, still fewer are willing to acknowledge them with becoming humility, and a proper sense of their obligations with regard to them. Political and social economy, to be worth anything beyond an arithmetical summary of empirically collected statistics, must be a scientific projection of the Family economy, and this itself must have more of a moral than a material starting point. To the moral organism of the Family, rather than to anything else, must be due the general economy of the world, its freedom from misery, and its gradual evolution out of those debasing inequalities which are so frequently the origin of bloody political outbreaks and civil commotions.

In discussing the importance of money in the formation of the Family, we are likely to run counter to the unreasoning romance of inexperience, and to the venality of sophistical experience,—to the poetical dreamings of youth, and to the avaricious calculations of old age. Our object is to take a middle course, which we believe to be in accordance with the nature of life itself in this planet, and in accordance with the legitimate requirements of society; though we believe that the importance of money to the Family well-being will decrease as the different parts of the social organism grow into greater spiritual harmony with each other. But while the world continues to be mamonized, as it is at present,—while its vernal idolatry is so rancorous, money becomes as important to the Family as shoes to the feet, or clothing to the body. Most of men's position in the estimation of their families is due to

their pecuniary power,—take that away and the paternal platform evaporates into mist. Such as it is, the social and family culture of women is in advance of that of men, and their rank consequently in society is higher and more imposing. Their natural fineness and delicacy of organization are but too often brought into painful contrast with the natural grossness and barbarian vulgarity of their masculine associates, who seem to be excluded from every charm but that of a well-filled purse, the contents of which are often available to the woman only through her own moral degradation. The Church and the Bible are powerless sometimes against the degrading influences of low moneyed men upon their more elevated wives and children, and if the latter occasionally rejoice at the death of the former, it is nothing but nature relieving herself from an unholty oppression. It is to be deplored that the conjugal bond should ever encircle those whose natural and acquired inequalities have no counterpoise but that of a debasing money-purse. We would not be understood as believing in the possibility of sanctifying such unions, they must die out of the social organism, as a diseased branch dies out of the trunk of a tree. The power to accumulate money is but seldom in keeping with the humanity that blesses and adorns the family, that gladdens the wife and exhilarates the children, and that diffuses a genial enlivening spirit wherever it goes. The money-maker, like the doctor, grows rich upon the infirmities, not the virtues of men, he himself is dwarfed into a state of disease by too great a familiarity with it in others,—he worships the end without reference to the means, until the scale of justice loses all balance in his eyes, and his heart and brain dwindle into that avaricious morbidness which grows by what it feeds upon. With such a man, wife and children, if not the instruments to coin, are but the dreaded disburbers of his money; and in either case the union is accursed.

Money, notwithstanding all this, has its value in the family as one of its important factors; but its value is relative, and is measured by the moral laws that bind the family together, and must be amenable to them in order not to disturb its repose or vitiate its mission. Domestic economy has been, and ever will continue to be, the most fruitful source of order and happiness generally: It is compatible with the fullest measure of earthly enjoyment, and it in no way trenches upon that liberality of thought and feeling, without which family life loses all its charms. The conjugal union itself requires to be unyoked occasionally from the too oppressive cares and burthens of life, in order to give it the light-heartedness of liberty—and to this end money becomes indispensable. If, in order to give it steady motion in its orbit, and quicken its energies, unremitting material labor becomes necessary, the conjugal union may exist, but surely not with that plenitude of enjoyment, with that capacity for good, without which it fails of its mission, and becomes an incubus upon the social organism. The angelic ministrations of the wife—the gentle moral workings of her heart, and the application of her artistic nature to the beautiful adjustment of her household affairs are greatly impeded, if not entirely neutralized, if she is steeped in poverty, if

she is linked to menial services, or if the object of her life is too far removed from the means of attaining to it. The legislative qualities of the husband's intellect, his most exalted tendencies, his boundless ambition to do good, his capacities to override the crushing stultifying conventionalities of the world, are all lost or become a mockery if his poverty provoke the scoff and ridicule of the moneyed fool. The home that we love, and wherein are contained all the unexpressed hopes and holiest ambition of our lives, requires but too often to be encircled by the protecting influence of money, lest the ever approaching tide of corruption should undermine and ruin it. Good is so fringed with evil in this world—virtue so interlined with vice—comeliness with deformity, that each should be shielded from the lower temptations of life by the moral panoply of money. The power and influence of parents—their gravest obligations to their children are limited to a very serious extent by their monetary facilities and condition. The want of money on the part of parents has shattered the muscles, crippled the brain, and imprisoned the heart of many a child of great promise, and consigned millions not only to misery, but to an early grave. The licentious intoxication of married people, not only renders them callous, but fearfully indifferent to the moral duties they owe their children. Could they but act in harmony with the moral laws of nature, and subdue their lascivious appetites, millions of graves that now painfully close upon the infantile corpses of children, would never be opened;—life would increase on this planet and death diminish. The physical well-being of children, the development of their minds, and the sweet moral culture of their hearts, are, if properly attended to, heavy draughts upon the pecuniary resources of parents. Any one of these, moreover, neglected by them, may vitiate the others, and leave their offspring drivelling wretches upon society. How many a child, too, tender, delicate and organically sensitive, is driven away from the sanctities and protection of home and parents, and quartered upon the cold killing charities of the world by the poverty of parents. Noble and generous impulses, high soaring hopes, and heavenly winged aspirations, are crushed or driven to madness by being linked to poverty, and filtered through the money-making machinery of the world. Yoke a fawn to a jackass, a Margaret to a Mephistopheles and you will have a faint idea of the fatal inequalities which poverty engenders in this world. As the evils and miseries of society flow from the immoral organization of the family, it is alone through its moral reorganization that they can be redressed and done away with: draw off the poison from the fountain, and its rivulets will become innocuous of themselves. We would, therefore, urge upon parents the necessity of limiting their moral and material obligations to their children by their moral and material means of meeting them. The importance of Art to the family will be next considered.

GENIUS.—The three primary requisites of genius, according to the Welsh, are an eye that can see nature; a heart that can feel nature; and a boldness that dares follow nature.—*Anon.*

## Correspondence.

### ITALY IN 1855-56.

12th March, 1856.

THE prevalence of beggary has been for centuries one of the discredits of Rome. It has existed in spite of the efforts and the bulls of successive Popes, and in spite also of the abundant almsgiving of Catholic charity, or rather, not in spite of, so much as in consequence of, this indiscriminate almsgiving. Perhaps no city in Europe is furnished with more numerous or more wealthy institutions for the care of the poor, and yet few cities have a larger or more unblushing host of beggars. The beggary of Rome is not so much a reproach on the charity as on the good sense of the Romans. Poverty has been increased by the means taken to relieve it, and mistakes of judgment and of doctrine have produced evil consequences, for which no previous excellence of intention can serve as excuse. But in the midst of much false benevolence there has been much of that true charity which does not confine itself to the relief, but considers also how best to secure the prevention of pressing want. Some of the public charities in Rome are institutions of the most efficient character, and many private individuals now devote themselves and have in generations past, devoted themselves with self-forgetful energy, and an intelligence unblinded by the fallacies of the Church, to the improvement of the condition of the poor.

I had the good fortune the other day to find a little book printed in 1625, which contains the life of a man who, in his time, did much good, whose name, hardly known at all out of Rome, and but little known even there, deserves remembrance, as that of one who very early saw and attempted to deal with the evil which is pressing so heavily upon us, and to remedy which so many attempts are being made in our cities,—that of the destitution and misery of young children. His name was Giovanni Leonardo Cersuo. He was born near Salerno, not far from Naples, in the year 1551. His parents were neither rich nor poor; they lived happily, and brought up their children in the fear of God, and as good Christians. The elder brother of Giovanni became the priest of the village where they lived, and put Giovanni at the head of the parish school. Here he taught the children with fidelity, and as he almost always spoke in Latin to them, and used often to write upon the ground with a stick which he held in his hand while he was in school, the older scholars gave him the nickname of Letterato, by which name he was afterwards generally known. During all his early life he appears to have shown a devout and modest disposition, "and he was," says this account, "so possessed with the virtue of charity, that he exercised it towards all, and especially to the most abject and weakest persons. He often visited the sick when there were any in the place, comforting them, and aiding them with his means as much as he could." One morning it happened that he, together with the other members of his family, ate some poisonous fungi by mistake for mushrooms. They were all taken violently ill, and Letterato being at the point of death, recommended

himself to the Most Holy Madonna of Loretto, and made a vow that he would make a pilgrimage to her holy house if she would restore him to health. He soon got well, and in a short time left his little village to go to Naples, in order to take service in the house of Signor Mario Carrafa, that he might earn money enough to pay the expenses of going to and returning from Loretto, in fulfillment of his vow. He had not been long in his new post before Signor Carrafa died, and Letterato, with the money he had already earned, set out for Rome. "Here he visited the Temple of St. Peter, and the Seven Churches; and at St. John, Letterato ascended the Holy Stairs with great devotion, and discovering during his stay in Rome that he had not money enough to prosecute his journey, he set about finding a master and placing himself in the best way he could, and so was accepted as groom in the household of the Cardinal de Medici, who was afterwards Grand Duke Ferdinand." In this new service he acquitted himself with such acceptance, as to excite the jealousy of one of his fellow servants, who sought a quarrel with him, in which they both drew their swords, and blood was near being shed. This event led Letterato to reflect that his vow was as yet unfulfilled, and seeking a dismissal from service, he set out to Loretto on foot. The journey seems to have been spent in sincere religious exercises, and was not without its effects upon his future life. It was in the winter of 1582, "a most bitter and snowy winter," that he performed his vow, and returned to Rome. On coming back to the city he saw much poverty, "and especially some poor children, deserted and half dead with cold and hunger;" this sight touched his heart, and he took, "almost as if by accident," three of these children, who were very famished and weak, and carrying two of them in his arms, he led the other along by the hand, walking very slowly, and by turns as one grew tired he took him up, setting down one of the others to walk. So he went through the city till at length a charitable person gave to him a chamber in which to find shelter for the children, and others furnished him with food and clothing for them. But every day the number of children who needed care and help increased, and Letterato continued his work. Larger rooms had to be secured, and in supplying these with common coarse bedding, and all other necessary articles of furniture, and in getting clothes for the shivering boys, he spent all the little money that he possessed. But the charity of others, moved by his zeal and devotion, supplied him with fresh means, and, as the number of his boys grew larger, his ability to receive them was increased. "And now he began to teach these little children the Lord's Prayer, the Ave Maria, the Credo, and the Salve Regina, and to sing these and other prayers both morning and evening." And in order that they might not be doing nothing all day, he took them with him, making them walk two by two through the city, singing their prayers and hymns. About this time he laid aside the habit of a layman, and adopted a dark blue coarse dress, and he went barefooted, and without any covering on his head, so that on account of his humble apparel and his troop of boys, Padre Camillo was accustomed to call him "the dumb preacher," as one who made himself